

### The Planet of War Visible.

SHORTLY before 10 p. m. any clear evening now, and earlier as the month advances, you may catch sight of the "planet of war," the ruddy Mars, rising from the eastern horizon. Mars is slowly swinging into position opposite to the place of the sun in the heavens, and will be exactly in opposition the middle of next month.

## Manners at Home

HOW DO YOUR CHILDREN EAT AT TABLE?

### Miss Lynch Says That Many Families Make the Mistake of Being Careless.

By Loretto C. Lynch,

Instructor War Cookery New York Evening High School for Women.

It was not until many homes became afflicted with frozen gas that I realized what poor table manners exist in the average home. Many families betook themselves and their ill-mannered children to the nearby moderate priced restaurant.

In a suburban restaurant, a young mother with two children sat near me. There was a boy of eight and a girl of six. The unsuspecting waiter put down the usual glasses of water and a semi-sliced half loaf. In the grabbing which ensued the unoffending loaf was deluged with water.

"Stop that, you two, or I'll—I'll"—and then catching my eye she apologized. "Isn't this awful? You see, the children never ate away from home before; our gas is frozen and"—But here her conversation was interrupted, for it was necessary for her to forcibly separate both children from the celery.

And these bad table manners were not limited to children by any means. Mothers and fathers and other home-bound relatives "forced into the open" by frozen gas or burst pipes, convincingly showed that they never had eaten away from home.

Yet it is a simple matter to acquire good table manners, and good table manners are ever an asset. The earlier these are acquired, the more fortunate the child.

I know a physician of prominence whose early training in this respect was neglected, and to-day his method of gripping his fork as if it were a cudgel is a constant source of embarrassment to his highly cultured wife.

How many girls who dined out for the first time with their "best bean" fail to enjoy their food because they do not know the proper table customs.

"She surely is a pretty girl," said a young man to me recently, "but it would take me years to teach her table manners before I could let mother see her eat."

One mother of six young children whom I know, has exceptionally well-mannered children. When her gas froze up, neighbors with the faintest of table appointments were only too glad to have these little guests.

In answer to my question, "How did you do it?" she told her secret. She said that as soon as each child was able to hold a spoon, he was taught to hold it "properly." He was taught "respect" for food. The ethical side of eating was impressed upon him. To toy with food was wrong.

She believes in one clean white tablecloth a week. And each child felt it his or her duty to keep this cloth immaculate. The boys were taught consideration for the girls. She tried to make clear to their young minds in simple, unaffected terms the reason for this consideration for little girls.

The rest was easy. The children had a solid foundation upon which to build their table conduct. The rest came with practice. "Elbows close to the sides when eating," was mother's gentle but constant suggestion. Only food too soft to be conveyed to the mouth with a fork should be eaten with a spoon.

The children were taught how to cut or prepare the food on the plate before conveying it to the mouth. No child's food was hashed up by the mother and then eaten with a spoon. The children used their own muscular power and the food was chosen with an eye to their abilities in this direction.

Only pleasant conversation was permitted. And crying, wailing, arguing or cave-man methods of obtaining one's share meant that the child had to leave the table before the meal was concluded.

"So much trouble," I hear some one whisper. Well, everything worth while takes time and patience. THIS woman may not have much cold cash to leave these children when she passes on, but she will leave them with good table manners and a knowledge of dining room etiquette which is often a passport to the most highly cultured society.

He Who Resolves Not To-day Will Be Less Disposed to Resolve To-morrow



## Magazine Page



## War Work Adds to the Glory of Our Women

Their Success at Home and in the Fighting Zones Has Won the Admiration of the World.

Two New York Women Who Are Actively Working to Help Win the War. Both Are on the Western Front—One Aiding Our Soldiers and the Other Driving an Ambulance



Mrs. William Astor Chanler, Whose Work in France Has Won Her a Decoration from the French Republic.

### Miss Marie Laurence Wetherill, Who Is "Doing Her Bit" by Driving an Ambulance on the Western Front.

AMERICAN women of leisure who have had their imaginations fired by the splendid service done by their English sisters have proclaimed their willingness to serve their country in any capacity, and every day since America joined the Allies in the fight for world democracy eager, willing women recruits have proffered assistance along almost every line of endeavor.

Among the women the one thought and aim is the wish to be identified as serious workers in the army of democracy and in broad, heroic lines they are showing a new desire to serve.

Women in America are doing many valuable and difficult services in connection with the war. All over the country they have thrown themselves into the work that seems most profitable for the common good. Before America entered the struggle the ambition of women generally was confined largely to Red Cross work, first-aid courses and the directing and making of surgical dressings.

Prominent among the women in New York's smart set who have given service since the beginning of the European war is Mrs. William Astor Chanler, creator and head of the Lafayette Fund. Mrs. Chanler's services to France have been of such a nature that the French Government has conferred on her the highest honors given an American woman. Besides her activity with the Lafayette Fund she has been instrumental in restoring Lafayette's home in France. The definite plan is to make the storied chateau a sort of Mount Vernon in Europe, a school where sons of American, French and British heroes may be educated.

The work being done by Mrs. Chanler is one of the most constructive works of the war. Boys from six to twelve are now in the remodeled school, and they will remain there until they are eighteen, when they will be sent to America to enter some profession, university, school, or to take positions in some big industry. The committee working with Mrs. Chanler are known as the American Fund for the Mercies of France.

Incidentally Mrs. Chanler has made more trips through the danger zone than any other American war worker.

Miss Marie Laurence Wetherill, prominent in New York society, is driving a motor of the western war front in the cause of the Allies. In a costume strikingly similar to that worn by the British army officer Miss Wetherill, by her skillful handling of the motor close to the back line trenches, is winning the praise of the men similarly employed.

The names of American women doing their bit here and in France are legion. When this war's history is finally written they will come in for no small share high up in the records of sacrifice and bravery.

### Eggs in China.

Hunan, China, is a very large producing district. Changsha is one of the most important distributing centers, and eggs are preserved here for shipment to other parts of China. Under the old system the eggs are collected in the country round about and sent to the egg commission houses to be sold to retail dealers or peddlars. For export to other parts of China the eggs are packed in large jars and sealed with a coating of clay and gail mixed with rice hulls. Such clay-wrapped eggs are then closely packed in large jars and sealed up, after which they are said to keep indefinitely.

## To My Sweetheart Soldier

Every Girl Should Read These Wonderful Letters

FIFTEENTH LETTER.

Dear Heart:

Sammy and Frank are having such a wonderful time! Indeed we are all enjoying my Sou's little brother. His philosophy is refreshing and his eager little heart is as honest as a summer breeze. Oh! how he admires you! "Gee you are a lucky guy to belong to Mr. Jack." Such was his word this morning, and proud was I to be called a "guy" for the sake of that honest compliment. "Has Mr. Jack seen the Kaiser yet? How many Heinies has he winged?" In swift succession pour his eager questions. I tell him patiently over and over how impossible it is for you to write anything in detail—but he only snorts—"Gee, I'd tell my girl anything, I would—I bet no Kaiser would keep me from telling my girl where I was—but then, Mr. Jack does the best he can; I know that." And so, in loyalty to you, and sympathy for me, my Sou's brother is rent in twain.

He and Frank have had great doings with our little tramp dog! For several days they have had periods of retirement together behind the garage, and I have heard the echo of monotonous commands given over in a sing-song voice. I felt sure some great surprise was in progress, and so I refrained from taking notice or making inquiries. Mammy has gone around the house muttering fiercely that it "didn't never do no good to make dumb animals act like human beings." Today the climax came. Sammy, with wriggling feet, and twisting fingers, asked us if we would please gather together in the dining-room and witness an exhibition he had planned.

Only too gladly did we obey the call, and I slipped over and asked the General and his Sergeant to join us. Promptly we seated our-

selves in the dining room, and no audience was ever more serious or more full of expectancy. Mammy preceded the actors through the swinging door, and stood at one side with a look on her face compounded equally of fierce pride and rheumatism. Then came Frank, and then Sammy, leading the little dog. Sammy was lit up with holy zeal, but through that rapt expression shone an almost tragic fear that the exhibition would fail. But not so! With one look around he drew from his little blouse your picture, and propped it on the table, and then from behind his back he unfurled a little flag, and held it before the dog! Instantly that dog rose on his haunches and did something with his front paw which was the nearest to salute of anything I hope to see in all my life. We were all spellbound, and the General and his Sergeant—gallant souls—rose and saluted also, and would you believe it, your wife burst into tears. Sammy was in such ecstasy at the success of his exhibition that he nearly rent his garments. He has named the dog "Joffre" and the cat "Hindenburg." That hardly seems reasonable, for they are so peaceably inclined. I suspect, though, that Sammy is urging them to fight. You see, we can watch the operations of these two great generals in our own back yard. I fancy we can reach quite as honest an opinion in that way as we can through the newspapers.

Beloved, General Joffre salutes you—with my own eyes I saw him. And General Hindenburg looked on with easy tolerance. Maybe this is a prophecy of the speedy coming of the time when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together.

Little Sammy's good-night word tonight as I tucked him up was: "Tell Mr. Jack how I trained the dog; be sure 'n' tell him. Gee, I'd like Mr. Jack to see that dog. And so I've told you, my beloved, and so, good-night.

YOUR VERY OWN.

### This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the departure in 1867 of the last French troops from Mexico. The attempted occupation of that country with the Archduke Maximilian as ruler ended in the execution of the usurper and the insanity of his wife Carlotta. The ultimatum of this country to Napoleon hastened the downfall of the monarchy.

## Their Married Life

A NARRATIVE OF EVERYDAY AFFAIRS

### Frances Calls on Helen in Time to Save Her From the Wiles of Mrs. Frisby.

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"I WANT the dresses to look like this, Miss Jenkins," explained Helen patiently, and trying to fold the pattern herself out of paper.

"Oh, yes," responded the little dressmaker, and immediately proceeded to get the wrong idea. "No," said Helen again, trying to be as patient as she could, "not like that at all. Look, I'll try to draw a picture of it."

Miss Jenkins, a woman who needed the help badly, was one of the women that the Current Events Club had discovered. Helen and several other women had thought it necessary to assist her as much as possible. Her main support had been her son, who was fighting in France, and her source of livelihood was a very mediocre smattering of plain sewing. Helen sighed for the efficiency of her own dressmaker, who was doing well at present, but who had been aided to her success by Helen and Mrs. Stevens.

Helen was no artist, but she drew a fairly creditable diagram of the simple style she wanted for Winifred's dresses. It was with a sigh of relief that Helen at last left the guest room to answer the bell. Frances stood on the threshold.

"Well, Frances!" exclaimed Helen. "Hello, dear; glad to see me?"

"Am I? Why, you're a regular life-saver!"

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," Helen returned, drawing Frances into her bedroom and helping her off with her things. "But one does get so tired of the monotony and grind of domesticity sometimes. Aren't you going to take off your hat?" she added, her lips trembling like a disappointed child.

"Why, no, dear, I'm not—for two reasons. One is that old excuse of newly-washed hair, and the other is because I can't stay."

"I might have known it."

"Well, wait a moment before you pronounce judgment. I came up mainly because I need you very badly."

Helen was interested in a moment.

"Carp is going to have an important operation to-morrow, at least I say important because I think it is that; he doesn't have to take an anesthetic."

"Why, I didn't know anything was wrong with Carp."

"Well, there hasn't been until lately, excepting that he has been

terribly irritable. He was examined by the doctor the other day, who said that he needed a minor operation on his nose."

"And it takes place to-morrow?" "Yes, I think so. We have been waiting for the inflammation to die down. Carp has had rather violent headaches of late, and the doctor says this slight imperfection has been the cause."

"What can I do, Frances?" "Well, Carp is at home and as cross as a bear. You know how unbearable any man is who is forced to be inactive. He sent me up here to ask you and Warren to come down and spend the evening to-night. Come down to dinner, dear, and help to cheer Carp up."

Helen beamed all over. The fact that Frances really wanted her was the most complimentary thing that could have happened just at that time. Helen loved to go down to Frances's place at any time, but to be singled out of all the interesting people Frances knew, was more flattering to Helen's faded nerves than Frances had any idea of.

"Oh, course we'll come," she said delightedly. "I'll just give some orders to Mary and Warren and I will be down about six."

"The best," said Frances briskly, setting up to go. "I had to come up here to see the doctor, and I just ran in, instead of telephoning. There's your bell again. You're quite popular this afternoon."

Mary went to answer the door bell, and the next moment Mrs. Frisby, the irrepressible, rushed into the room.

"Mrs. Curtis, I came over to ask you people over for dinner to-night. Don't say you can't come."

"But I'm afraid I can't, Mrs. Frisby. I have another engagement."

"But you haven't forgotten that you have an engagement with us afterward, have you?" Mrs. Frisby added.

Helen had forgotten it completely, and she felt suddenly strangely helpless. Frances took in the situation at a glance.

"I'm sure you will excuse Mrs. Curtis to-night, when I tell you that my husband is ill and I need her help."

Mrs. Frisby turned to Frances and Helen introduced the two women.

"Not Mrs. Avery Atwood," she said indignantly after Helen, "the famous Miss Knowles!"

Frances smiled sweetly. "How lovely to meet you," Mrs. Frisby gushed. "Of course we'll let Mrs. Curtis off under these conditions. You and your husband must come and see us sometime soon when he is better. We'd be so glad to have you."

Helen with a little sigh of relief knew that the situation was saved, but she hoped sincerely that Frances was not letting herself in for some of the nastiest things she herself had undergone from the persistent Mrs. Frisby.

(Watch for the next installment of this interesting series.)

## The Hidden Hand

A SERIAL OF THRILL AND MYSTERY

By Arthur B. Reeve,

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appear exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

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"The Eyes in the Wall."

"If silence were golden," he said, "murderously, 'you would be poorer than you are.'"

"I meant no offense," Sonia faltered. "I came to help you get the jacket from Doris, so that the explosive packet may be opened and her identity established by the fingerprints it contains. I truly meant no offense."

"How does this interest you?" "The Emperor has promised me political pardon if I help him find the girl of prophecy. Doris trusts me, and with your aid I can win."

The Hidden Hand considered a moment and nodded to one of his men.

"Where is Verda?" he snapped. "She has not returned since early morning."

The Hidden Hand rose and adjusted the gauntlet of death. He motioned Sonia to go ahead and gathering his men, followed her from the room.

In the apartment of the motherly housekeeper, who had offered her a home when Uncle Abner forced her from the Whitney house, Doris awaited the coming of Ramsey, who had telephoned a short time before. A rap sounded on the door and Doris ran joyfully and threw it open, expecting to see Ramsey. She drew back a little startled as the bowing, smiling figure of the Countess Sonia confronted her.

"Be your pardon," began the Countess. "This intrusion is in your interest. I wish to examine the door."

"You may examine it," she said and crossed into an adjoining bedroom, followed by the housekeeper.

"Don't trust that woman, dear," urged the housekeeper, as Doris picked up her hand bag from the dressing table.

In the living room, the Countess Sonia made sure that Doris was out of hearing. She jumped to the door and motioned down the hallway in

A New Enemy.

"Look out!" cried the housekeeper.

Doris turned to behold the Hidden Hand entering the room. As he advanced Doris gave back a step. There was a report and a flash from her hand-bag, as she had discharged her pistol and concealed. The shot struck the lamp, which exploded in a blaze of oil, and Doris dashed into the bedroom and out on to the re-escape, followed by the Hidden Hand, who struck down the housekeeper as she blocked his passage.

On the re-escape Doris screamed for help and proceeded to climb toward the roof. She fired at the Hidden Hand, but her aim was wild. Down on the street Ramsey heard the shot and drew his revolver. He was unable to risk a shot for fear of hitting Doris, who was now climbing over the edge of the roof, with the Hidden Hand two stories below.

From the window rolled a yellow, stinging smoke as the housekeeper used a chemical fire extinguisher.

Coughing from the smoke, Doris tried to run over the roof, but stopped as she saw several of the emissaries crouching in wait on the next roof. Across from her, twenty feet away, was a slightly lower roof, which offered the only escape, if she could bridge the gap.

A sudden solution reached her. She seized the curving top of the ladder that reached the roof and pulled it free, setting the bottom of it on the platform of the fire-escape. She had not a moment to lose. If she could stand on the top rung and pull herself free from the roof, the falling ladder would describe an arc as it shot outward toward the other roof. The sickening fear of height and the danger of such a flight held her powerless an instant. Then the greater fear of the Hidden Hand decided her. She braced herself and shot out into the air, falling.

To Be Continued To-morrow.

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

To remove grease stains from a tiled hearth mix a strong solution of washing soda with some Fuller's earth. Apply the paste to the hearth and leave for about an hour. Afterward wash off with hot soapy water.

Eucalyptus oil will remove grease stains from any kind of material without injuring it. Apply a little oil with a clean piece of flannel, and rub the material gently until the stains disappear.

Gilt on china will not last long if soda be used in the washing of it; therefore use soapy water for washing teacups, etc., patterned with gilt and keep soda carefully away from them.

Four boiling water over raisins; let stand for a few minutes, drain the water off, and you will find that the stones can be quickly and easily squeezed out from the stem end.

If too much salt has been added to soup, slice a raw potato and boil it in the soup for a few minutes. The potato will absorb much of the salt.

If a lump of sugar is put into the teapot when making tea one spoonful of tea can be dispensed with.

Onion will remove lamp-smoke stains from a wall.